The COMMONWEAL

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High-Lows Pass for Patent Leathers

THE *New Leader* itself is a great advocate of the principle that things are seldom what they seem, and so we cannot suppose its editors would be so simple as to publish a letter in their correspondence column without calculating (or knowing) its political weight. In their current issue is a beautiful specimen of skimmed milk masquerading as cream (or would it be a jackdaw strutting in peacock's feathers?). It is a long blast from a self-styled Iberian anti-clerical, by name Paul Castelar, directed against the manifesto on the war published recently in our columns.

If this were merely a truculent letter to the editor in a paper less politically minded than the *New Leader,* one could shrug it off as old, old stuff, but unfortunately it must be taken at more than its face value. Evidently our current crop of smart boys and girls who have made the *New Leader* their own—and in many ways it is an excellent paper—are in a very peculiar position. They must constantly reproach and suspect Catholics on the ground of being anti-democratic, yet the minute they find evidence that this accusation cannot be universally applied, they fly off the handle completely and even trespass against common courtesy and honesty. Mr. Castelar may be honest in his letter, honest but misled by ignorance and blind prejudice; the editors of the *New Leader* can plead no such excuse. Our Iberian friend asks a number of questions. "If the Maritains and their highly intellectual followers cease to balance angels on a needle's tip [Mr. Castelar is quite an obscurantist, by the way; he calls scholarship "conspicuous consumption of intellect," which is pretty fancy language for a plain, common sense fellow], let it be asked point-blank and without equivocation, how they justify their theorizing with the facts of Spain or Vichy France, or—closer to home—the squalor of Quebec with its semi-clerical, pro-fascist government." Maritain has publicly, bluntly and for the record stated his opposition to Franco and Pétain. He has done so at considerable personal sacrifice. To imply that he has side-stepped these matters is, point-blank and without equivocation, to lie.

Quebec is another matter—and a *New Leader* specialty. There is no space here to discuss this question. Suffice it to say that we believe that most of the accusations directed against French Canada are founded on half-knowledge and the desire to discover a convenient scapegoat.

Another question: "Let us interrupt their starry thoughts and ask them what they feel about that basic American doctrine, Freedom of conscience." Has Mr. Castelar bothered to read the document he is excoriating—or is he malicious enough to know that his readers have not read it, and will draw their own, false, conclusions? Section IX of the manifesto answers him bluntly, explicitly and specifically. Also the Pope said to the German people (and there are, we understand, a few Lutherans, even some Jehovah's Witnesses, in Germany): "The believer has an inalienable right to profess his faith and to practice it in the manner suited to him. Laws which suppress or render difficult the profession and practice of this faith are contrary to natural law." But to procede. "Does this [freedom of conscience] jibe with Church practice or is it merely tolerated in the democracies because to do otherwise might be suicidal?" On another page of the same issue of the *New Leader* we find: "Brazil is one of the two biggest Catholic countries in the world. Her Catholic population is perhaps even larger than the Catholic population of Italy. At the same time, Brazil has complete freedom of worship."

But why go on with fruitless polemic? The *New Leader* and its friends have a problem to resolve, and they had best resolve it quickly. Socially, politically, economically they advocate many things which many Catholics also advocate. Either they accept this fact, and stop wasting their time trying to prove old liberal prejudices, or they make every honest man doubt the sincerity of their liberal professions. We have never suggested that, despite their explicit attacks and repudiations of that man in the Kremlin, they are really Stalinists. Might we suggest that they cease explaining away our attacks and repudiations of fascism, cease impugning our honesty, and cease calling us enemies of democracy?

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Minimum Wage on the Farm

CONDITIONS in the beet sugar, pecan and other agricultural enterprises employing Mexican labor in the Southwest and Far West have long been notorious. Short-term employment, low pay, wretched living conditions and lack of educational facilities have been the lot of these workers on American farms and food factories. It is with considerable gratification, then, that we learn of the terms of the new agreement between the Government and Mexico on the importation of laborers from below the Rio Grande. Not only are wages considerably higher—a minimum wage of 30 cents per hour or its equivalent for a 10-hour day—but Mexican workers are to have written contracts, collective bargaining, free transportation and other safeguards for their health and well-being. It is high time.

The Southern Tenant Farmers Union, which reports these terms, is "highly in favor of this agreement made with the Mexican government and they feel sure that our government would give all American farm laborers the same consideration accorded nationals of the Republic of Mexico, especially since the health and welfare of farm laborers is the most important factor in increasing farm production." H. L. Mitchell, General Secretary of the STFU, contrasts these terms with conditions obtaining on our Southern cotton plantations. He finds that this spring and summer the average farm laborer wage in the mid-south was $1.00 a day. In certain sections it was 50 cents for a day that stretched from "can to can't see, 12 to 14 hours." Memphis, Tennessee, is the scene of a cotton pickers' conference on Labor Day. The purpose of the meeting is to draw up and adopt a petition to the United States Government for a minimum wage to be set for the picking of the 1942 cotton crop. Two hundred delegates from Alabama, Arkansas, Mississippi, Missouri, Tennessee and Texas were expected; petitions signed by 8,000 cotton pickers were to be presented. Their general objective is the worthy one of the setting up and enforcing of standards of employment on these Southern plantations that "will enable farm labor families to earn enough to purchase necessities of life, maintain their general health and well-being . . ." What could be more reasonable?

Aid for Spain

THE President's announcement of plans for rehabilitating the cultural treasures of war-torn Spain and encouraging tourism from the Americas there after the war is obviously a specifically political move. It is an inducement to Spain to remain out of the war. It is an indication to the peoples of Latin America that the United States has the deepest respect for the Spanish culture which is their heritage. And despite some ranting on the part of our shoot-the-works press, it is not a move which will effectively consolidate the Franco régime, for it is generally felt that that régime would surely fall with an Axis defeat. But to recognize this démarche for what it is in this embattled world and not to count too heavily on its effectiveness—since it is largely a promise for the future—should not conceal from us the real values embodied in such a proposal. The very conception of individuals and groups throughout the Americas collaborating to preserve and make better known so important a portion of the patrimony of the West is a mark of vision.

Five-Cent Cigar

ADULT EDUCATION is one of those things. On the face of it, it looks like a good idea, and it can (and has) born fruit—conspicuously in the climate of Antigonish. Be that as it may, adult education has also its lunatic fringe, and its sales-appeal for the commercially minded. Its latest incarnation is the "New Home Library," a series of sixty-nine cent books which are "the result of ten years' research and the fruit of a $350,000 appropriation" by its publishers, for so a wide-eyed publicity release assures us. "It is the concrete answer by a firm of trade book publishers to a plea by experts in adult education, the putting into practice by a commercial publishing organization the fruits of academic research [sic]." The lion lies down with the baa-baa, and bestirs itself with putting fruits into practice—an occupation somewhat difficult to visualize. "Here is no dust-bound collection of unreadable classics"—tut-tut, Mr. Hutchins—"or fine print series of 'books everyone should read' but a vivid list of sound books on a variety of subjects in which the American public—on the basis of ten years' research—is vitally interested." Give 'em what they want—and call it education, a procedure of which even our best liberal institutions are not entirely innocent. The titles of some of these un-dust-bound volumes may come as a shock to those who believe that democracy in education consists in stimulating already existing vital interests. Here are three from the first page of the list: "*The Club Members' Handbook* by Lucy R. Milligan, President of the Natl. Council of Women; and Harold V. Milligan, formerly President of the Natl. Assn. of Organists. . . . *Plot Outlines of 100 Famous Novels,* arranged and edited by Roland A. Goodman. The best of the world's literature, past and present, condensed and arranged for time-saving reading enjoyment. . . . *Strange Customs of Courtship and Marriage* by William J. Fielding. Amazing and authentic revelations of curious mating customs, ancient and modern, among the many peoples of the earth. . . ."

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Speaking Practically

WILL those who are anti-Pétain advance three paces, halt, stand at attention and shout, me too, count me in, I'm with you brother Sam Grafton, I'm with the *Nation*. I'm anti-booze and anti-nazi, I'm frankly anti-Franco. Let us make one great big furious face at them all. I will sign the pledge. I will send a telegram: Marshal Pétain you are a no good. Disrespectfully yrs. Dismiss. And so what?

If I were a voter in France and could vote, I would vote against you Marshal Pétain. Although you are rather inclined to fancy yourself as Joan of Arc, I would vote for the real one. I would vote for Bayard, for du Guesclin; for Jean Baptiste Vianney to be deputy from the Department of the Ain—for Herriot and for Blum. I would vote for a parliament and a premier and a cabinet that would be something to see. And I would give my elected representatives the mandate to employ General de Gaulle to lead the F.E.F. (French Expeditionary Forces)—subject, of course, to the customary impermanency of any military appointment and with a caution against having any too settled political projects for afterwards. If I were a French voter now I would day dream—*le rêve éveillé*—like all get out. But I would be hungry, I would be unarmed, there would be cops right and left and coming through the window and coming through the floor, and there would be Germans everywhere, hostages, and the prisoners in Germany—I would not be doing any voting and if I had any hope, I would place it in the hands of the United Nations. If I had any lucid and reasoned hope, in those moments when I was not engaged in forming a dream cabinet, I would place it in the hands of the soldiers fighting against the Germans. They would carry, with my earnest and enduring hope, my memories of freedom, all that I could recall of the active life of peace. They would have my pledge that I would be present among them as soon as effectively I could be present among them, and that is when they land to fight it out for good in France. But I would not put a bomb under the Marshal and I would not put five francs or a button into the collection to hire someone to shoot him. From time to time I would throw up with humiliation at what he made my country do—especially at what he suffers my country to do to the Jews and the refugees. But I would not hire someone to shoot him, nor even to shoot his Laval. I would say—under my hat—that Pétain compromises the army and compromises the Church and that if France must be governed temporarily by someone who thinks the Germans have won the war and by someone who loves "order" more than anything else, and by someone who sees in the Church mainly an instrument for preserving order, then it would make for less deceit if a man who was not a Marshal of France and a Catholic, if some other old man were in power, if the deaf and aged and vindictive theorist of all these fine deceits were in power—if Maurras were Head of the State. But I would not hire anyone to shoot Maurras either. For if all the crowd that is in power in Vichy were to go, Doriot would be there, who would not temporize, who would not be weak, who would bring German firing squads into every city and town and village of France and destroy all the men and the children who are the hope of France.

But I am nôt a French voter; I am an American, in America and not in France. And I am anti-Pétain all right, but I don't think that gets one very far. Except perhaps in this: the label Catholic has been placed upon the Pétain régime, and it is just as well for an American Catholic to state plainly that he refuses the goods as marked; it is just as well to have an echo here of the growing refusal by Catholics in France to allow themselves and the Church to be used as a tool—to be led into the captivity of clericalism. That is just a matter of being informed or misinformed. It is just as well to be informed.

I am anti-Pétain—I mean it——so now let us get down to business. I want more milk sent to keep French children alive. One or two mysterious and controversial ships once in a while are not enough. I want the Government to trust the American people to support its efforts to keep the French in France alive so that we will not arrive there and find only the dead to free, only the dying to greet us in a landscape of cemeteries under the bright sun of the new freedom. I want the Government to make its policy clear to the peoples of France and to the American people. I want the American people to hear these words: "We do not know how much any nation of Europe lives in your hearts. But it is hard to fight to free people that you do not love. Perhaps you do not love France but there is a legend about France and America, and the two countries were pretty close together when America was started. So you might as well take France as the symbol of the Europe you are fighting to free. And if it is such a symbol it also exists in flesh and blood. We propose to keep the French alive as evidence of our intention to bring food and life to all Europe when we win the war."

To the French our words should be simple: "You will know when we come for good, when we come to stay. We know, now, and the Germans know, that when we arrive you will join your hope to ours and your efforts to ours and share with us the danger and the fighting. That is enough; that is all we ask."

C. G. PAULDING.

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Anton Bruckner's Catholicism

Some account of one of the last of the giants in music.

By **Max Graf**

IN 1890 I entered the University of Vienna, where Anton Bruckner was teaching harmony and composition. That great composer who, with Brahms, had brought the tradition of the classical symphony to a close, was at that time still unrecognized.

The most influential music critic of Vienna, and the great adversary of Wagner, Eduard Hanslick, tenaciously opposed any music in which he sensed the Wagneresque. The old gentleman with his thick white eyebrows and the nose of an old falcon, failed to understand Anton Bruckner's music, which proceeds, essentially, from other sources than the Wagnerian, and is imbued, with a Catholic spirit, with the sacredness of the Mass.

Nor did the musical public of that time care for Bruckner's music. When his symphonies were performed at philharmonic concerts in Vienna, half of the audience left the hall before his number had begun and the other half followed after the close of the first or second movement. By the fourth movement, there was but a handful of some two hundred young enthusiasts among the standees, who cheered and bravoed until they were hoarse while Anton Bruckner stepped onto the platform and bowed, humble and childlike, to Hans Richter (the great Wagnerian conductor) and threw kisses to the members of the orchestra. The elegant audiences of the philharmonic concerts would decide that their behavior had been justified when they read the next day in the newspapers that Bruckner composed "like a drunkard," or that he was a composer who had become "confused by Wagner's music."

This attitude on the part of the Vienna public must be viewed, to be understood, in the atmosphere of Vienna and of that specific era. Vienna had become a modern metropolis. The Ring-Strasse—one of the most beautiful boulevards in Europe—presented an array of stately palaces. In the new parks—and Vienna was a city of superbly endowed parks—elegantly dressed people promenaded. The historic "fiaker," the coach drawn by fiery Russian horses, was the most popular means of transportation for a society which comprised fundamentally the court and feudal elements. During the reign of Emperor Franz Josef of Austria these elements still retained political power, and it was from these palaces that almost all of the higher ranking officers and ministers and diplomats emerged. The rising bourgeoisie, which had amassed its fortunes on the stock market or in industry, was blending and coalescing with this class, and was being honored according to its merits by decorations or knighthoods bestowed by the Emperor.

This society of the new Vienna, which had begun to take form between 1860 and 1870, loved life passionately. At dance festivals Johann Strauss, clad in a red tuxedo, played his most beautiful waltzes, and one of these waltzes, a hymn to the joy of life, is the famous "Wein, Weib und Gesang"—"Wine, Woman and Song." It was Vienna's motto. Wine flowed freely in countless restaurants in the suburbs, those alluring "Vienna woods" which were an inexhaustible source of inspiration. Beautiful women came from Bohemia, Hungary, Italy, Jugoslavia and Poland, for in Vienna peoples and races still mingled. Music seemed to come from the very stones of a city where you could meet great musicians on every street corner, among them Johannes Brahms, whose austere North German nature was mellowed and softened by such profusion of natural beauty, and this exuberance, this joyousness, and the grace of this easy-going and rather self-indulgent life permeated and spread downward to the masses who lived in the low, little houses in the outskirts of the town.

Music unfitting a climate

A city of this kind which laughed, sang, loved and drank deeply of all worldly happiness could only with reluctance seek or find access to the music of Anton Bruckner, for his music sprang from deeper sources than the superficial life of such a town and had in it nothing akin to the materialism of modern life. Bruckner's was a profoundly religious nature.

In Vienna his personality was often a matter of mirth. People would ridicule his strange dress, his large and wide-cut jackets made of thick peasant material, sent from his native town in Upper Austria. His trousers looked like sacks for, as an organist, he did not want to be trammeled while using the pedals. His legs thus resembled those of an elephant when his trousers fell in wide folds to the floor. He wore a broad-brimmed

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"artistic" hat which he doffed with a reverential bow whenever he met an important person.

Up to his forty-fifth year, Anton Bruckner had lived in rural districts among people who spoke the peasant dialect of Upper Austria. He had spent many years as a teacher and organist among the priests of the Monastery of St. Florian, whose lives were passed between the cloister cells and the chapel. The abbot of the Monastery of St. Florian and the archbishop were for Bruckner the representatives of God. He could not understand the great city, with its elegant people who chaffed, laughed and flirted so easily, as if there were no Heaven and no God. After he had dedicated his Eighth Symphony to the Emperor Franz Josef, in whose Royal Chapel he played the organ, he dedicated his Ninth to "Our beloved Father Almighty." Like the medieval musicians, he felt that he was a "Musician of God." But in a great cosmopolitan capital, proud of its own enlightenment, a Musician of God seemed absurd. This international city believed in cement and iron, in electricity and machines, in the Stock Exchange and in business speculations.

Such was Anton Bruckner's status in the life of Vienna, when I entered the University there.

Personal reminiscence

I did not attend my first Bruckner lecture because I knew that he was a great musician. I had not then heard his music and knew nothing about him. One day a fellow-student had induced me to visit the class, promising me "a lot of fun." As no young student would decline such an invitation, I joined him; I wanted to laugh, to "have fun."

His lectures were under the auspices of the philosophical faculty of the University. Bruckner had just returned from Berlin where his "Te Deum" had scored exceptional success, in spite of the great lack of understanding for his art elsewhere. We greeted him festively in the customary student manner, stamping our feet until clouds of dust rose from the floor. The critics of Berlin had called him a second Beethoven. He related this with considerable distaste and evident repudiation and crossed himself, with a fervent, "that one dare not say!" Whatever he said was spoken in his Upper Austrian peasant dialect—different, of course, from the dialect of the Vienna of the Emperor Franz Josef—which was like the aroma of subtle spices. Bruckner's was the dialect of his landscape, of his parents; it belonged to him and his soil, like the flowers in the windows of peasant huts, like the trout in the mountain brooks, and the wine in the inns of Upper Austria. The "fun" I had expected during that first lecture was only partly realized, for suddenly something happened that I can never forget. From a nearby church the Angelus sounded and when that little bell rang, Anton Bruckner interrupted his lecture, knelt down and began to pray: *"Ave Maria. . . ."*

In the churches of many cities I have watched the devout at their prayers. In Vienna, in the great and glorious old St. Stephen's Cathedral you could daily see people of all sorts and conditions in life worship before the image of the Virgin. In the Cathedral of Holy Antonius in Padua, in St. Peter's in Rome, in churches in Barcelona and Valencia I have seen hundreds in ecstatic prayer, but I have never seen anyone pray as Anton Bruckner did. He seemed to be transfigured, illuminated from within. His old peasant face, with its short cut hair and the countless wrinkles that covered it like furrows in a field, had become the face of a priest.

Like many peasants in the Alpine provinces of Austria, which were settled by Italians in Roman times, Bruckner had a Roman profile and when he prayed his face assumed a magnificence that was reminiscent of the busts of old Roman emperors. But his expression may best be compared with that of the Apostles in the paintings of Giotto. He looked like an aged saint, his countenance transformed as one imagines that of Saint Francis was when he knelt before the Crib and prayed.

I must refrain here from speaking in detail of the many childlike, comical and touching moments which came as one listened to him—his manner of speech and of teaching for which we youngsters may have lacked reverence. But I stopped smiling when I saw his face, humble and blissful, refulgent with celestial light, radiant as a church window through which the sun is shining. I saw this face before me when I listened to his first Symphony and I have always seen it whenever I have heard his symphonies well played.

His religious life

The faith of Anton Bruckner was a flame from the fire of the Counter-Reformation. The sharp distinction between sacred and secular music which had been a tenet of the great classical musicians had no place in the mind of Anton Bruckner. His symphonies have a religious tone—more than that, a religious background. In their highest climaxes the themes of his symphonies are transformed into hymns. The brass instruments in these climaxes are reminiscent of the flourishes of trumpets such as Anton Bruckner had heard at the divine services at St. Florian's. The orchestra sounds like organ accompaniments of the Mass, and what else are the abrupt pauses in his symphonic movements (which successfully weathered the attacks of music critics and their charge that Bruckner was a beginner and not a genius) but the Elevation in the Mass, when the priest lifts up the chalice, the bell is rung thrice and the worshippers kneel and bow their heads low? The

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concept of God descending from Heaven is the final vision in all of Anton Bruckner's symphonies, and that is exactly what he wants to express when, before the close, his music soars in celestial splendor of sound, soul and song. It was this idea which inspired him in the Adagio of his Seventh Symphony and in the colossal last movement of his Fifth Symphony, when over the massive orchestral fugue, brass choruses unfold, rising majestically above the climax like the voice of eternity.

I have often heard Anton Bruckner play the organ. His organ improvisations were genuine Baroque music. He played the way Frescobaldi did in the seventeenth century at St. Peter's Church in Rome, unfolding all the sonority and the tonal beauty of the organ. But when Anton Bruckner sat at the organ in the old Gothic Court Chapel and improvised from the Sanctus to the Benedictus, one heard tender, chromatic harmonies played on soft registers and it sounded as though he were offering a very humble prayer. Undoubtedly if he had ever written an opera it would have had this religious character, for he repeatedly said to his friends that if he were to write one he would need a libretto whose theme would be the descent of the Holy Spirit.

In Bruckner's symphonies it is only in the scherzo that we have moments of really worldly music. His scherzi are full of the moods and voices of nature. His Upper Austrian landscape, its woods, its fields, its hunting-horns and folk-dances, the sound of the titmouse, and the gushings of the brooks now are heard. Bruckner's feeling for nature was strong, but, as with every truly devout person, nature was for him but a symbol of God, and his scherzi were but episodes.

The symphonies of Anton Bruckner and his great church music (the three Masses, the Te Deum and the One Hundred and Fiftieth Psalm) emanate from the same religious world. His relation of religious to secular music is different from that of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven or Schubert. These masters, too, grew up in churches and sang in church choirs. Haydn was a choir boy in St. Stephen's Cathedral in Vienna. Mozart and Beethoven spent their youth under the patronage of high ecclesiastics. Schubert was chorister in St. Stephen's Cathedral and in the Imperial Chapel. Haydn, Mozart and Schubert were deeply Catholic in religion. Beethoven was a belligerent who at Mass would struggle until God had blessed him. Yet the style of the sacred music of these four great geniuses was determined by worldly music. Haydn's Masses often have a worldly character and seem to play with the infinite as naïve children play in church. Mozart's Mass melodies at times resemble Italian operatic arias. Beethoven's sacred music is imbued with his tremendous symphonic style, and in Schubert's Masses we find exquisite "Lieder." But Bruckner's symphonic style is founded on and radiates from the innermost center of his religious life. In his symphonies he is a Catholic mystic as were in the Middle Ages Hugo and Richard of St. Victor, or Bonaventure, the "Doctor Seraphicus"; and his symphonies are, just as Bonaventure's greatest book was, an "Itinerarium Mentis in Deum," a "Journey of the Mind to God."

This Catholic mysticism with which he was imbued, whether in the peristyles or the crypt, in the Collegiate Church, in the Cathedral of Linz or in discussions with Archbishop Rüdiger, prevailed throughout his lectures on harmony and counterpoint. The laws of tones and their association were for him infinite laws. The fundamental steps of the bass, which Bruckner invariably noted in his scores under the last line of the staff, had in his mind a cosmic importance. Thus we understand the greatness and sometimes the rigidity and the solemnity of Bruckner's harmonics.

Bruckner pondered over chords and chord associations as a medieval architect contemplated the original forms of a Gothic cathedral. They were his path to the Kingdom of God. If for a medieval thinker such as Thierry de Chartres, mathematics, music, geometry and astronomy were the avenues to the Almighty, Bruckner was like him.

Thus Anton Bruckner was the last great musician of the nineteenth century whose music ascended from Earth into Heaven. His pathos and splendor came in large part from the Catholic Church which during the Counter-Reformation had developed the style which inspired him. Bruckner may be called the last great musician of the Baroque. He had nothing in common with modern realism and materialism, which reproduced the visage of the world masterfully and vividly. The metropolis in which he dwelt was foreign to him. He was a man who lived in God and whose music is a cathedral with high pillars, bold arches, brilliant windows, divine services and a glowing altar at which a lonely worshipper kneels and prays.

Sam'l. Johnson

Dull stacks immure the bathos of *Irene,*
That paragon; the Dictionary's phrases,
Caustic, ambagious, seldom now are seen,
Though literary London pealed their praises;
No longer does the Abyssinian prince
Rasselas with his rhapsodies compel us;
Lives of the Poets? Collectors' stuff long since,
And rare at that, grave cognoscenti tell us.
Yet through the centuries we see him roll,
That tragic Titan, gruff yet tender, daring
Disdain the praise of lords of little soul;
His paupers' shrill abuse with patience bearing;
Trudging, in food-stained fustian, shovel hat,
To buy a bit of fish for Hodge, his cat. . . .

HAROLD WILLARD GLEASON.

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Going to Win the War

The South is heard from.

By **James McBride Dabbs**

I MUST admit I get tired of being told that, if we're going to win the war, we must get over our complacency. It sounds like defeatism. Of course we're going to win the war. Does that sound like complacency?

It may sound like it, but I don't think it is; and I don't think the record will show that it is. I should call it assurance; and I should suggest that, whatever other sections of the nation may feel, this is what the South feels.

If this is complacency, why the many enlistments in the South? Why whole families of brothers in the military service? Here two, there three, or four, occasionally five? Why a group of Clemson College cadets enlisting as a body in the Navy, calling themselves the "Hell Cats"? Why my friend, with three sons in the service, trying to squeeze himself in? Why the widespread fame of Southern boys who have already distinguished themselves in action?

This doesn't feel like complacency to me, and I'm here in the middle of it. It feels like assurance. But of course it may be a false assurance. Other men have been assured and have been defeated. We may be assured merely because we are aware of so many young men all around us—many of them our kin, for nearly everybody's kin in the South—enlisting in the Army, the Navy, the Marine Corps. With so many of us fighting, of course we're going to win.

Long memories

I dare say this fact enters into our assurance, but I do not think it is basic. For we remember a time—memories are long in the South—when all our young men, and our old men, and our boys, too, went away to a war, and returned—those that did return—in defeat. We know too much about fighting to think that you always win. Once we lost. How can we be assured that this time we shall win?

Well, strange as it sounds, partly because we lost, and partly because we remember that we lost. Mostly, because we remember. Memories are long in the South. Does that mean that we live in the past? Yes, sometimes, especially in times of peace. But it also means the past lives in us. We march without effort with the past at our shoulder.

The school-house that I first remember had no flag flying above it, but within-doors, upon its walls, were two flags of the Confederacy. We did not attempt to sing the "Star Spangled Banner"; we did sing every week the "Bonny Blue Flag." I once nearly fought my brother over my contention that we—the country—had been defeated. He said we hadn't. I said we had; in '65. Oh, he said, I meant the United States. Well, I replied, I meant the South. He was older than I, and knew more history, but for the moment I was more Southern. I remember how shocked I was, during my first stay in the North, in Massachusetts, during 1916-17, to learn that to the people there the War between the States was no more than the War of 1812 was to me. Did this devotion to the Southern past make us unpatriotic? The record of the South in the first World War is sufficient reply. Or, go back of that, to the Spanish-American War, and take the classic remark of Fightin' Joe Wheeler. Leading an American charge, he shouts in his excitement, "Give the Yankees hell, boys!" Joe Wheeler was a better American soldier that day because his old lost comrades rode again by his side.

The rest of the country, the North especially, has been inclined to smile at the South, or to be bored with the South, for its loving remembrance of things past. For itself, so it said, it looked to the future. Analyze the past of course, for whatever is good in it, and take that along; but it is we who make the future; we don't owe it to the past. The South, on the contrary, has a sense of obligation to the past. Our fathers believed in certain things, strove for certain things. We owe them something, even for their believing and striving, no matter whether they attained, or whether their attainment was all to the good. Now the past, with its millions of Americans long since dead, in return for our faithfulness, rises with renewed energy from its dusty grave and marches by our side.

Stirring up the dead

Perhaps the nazis and the Japs didn't do so much when they stirred up a hundred and thirty million living Americans — though even that should make a hornets' nest; but when they stirred up, as they have done in the South, and

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to a lesser degree throughout the nation, the untold millions dead—dead in lonely block-houses, in the corners of small clearings, by sparkling springs, dead with their muskets beside them—when they roused these old fighters from the dust, they finished the war—and not the way they had intended it. The South knows this, and the South is assured of the result.

Memory of defeat

It is the long memory of the South that inspires it today. It is also, as I said, the memory of a tragic defeat. The Southerner belongs to two nations: to the United States, that has never been defeated; and to the Confederate States, that sank in irremediable defeat. He therefore has faith in the final result, but is not unaware of the bitter price. If the war is long and hard, he's been through a long, hard war; he doesn't expect war to be otherwise. He learned his lesson from the first modern fighter, the man who said "War is hell," and proved it. But why, you may ask, if he's been defeated once, does he not foresee another possible defeat? First, because, as I said, he is now a citizen of that undefeated nation that once defeated him. Remembering with devotion the valor of the Confederates, he remembers with confidence the valor of the Federals. Second, because he cannot imagine making peace with the totalitarians. Lee could yield his sword to Grant because they were brothers, temporarily alienated by bitter differences, but more deeply bound by a common past. They spoke a common language. What common language do we and the totalitarians speak? However understanding we may be of them as human beings and therefore like ourselves, we know that in their present career they are motivated by ideals that we abhor. How can we come to an agreement with them? We are not accustomed to *selling* out; there's not much in the South worth selling. Devotion to the common cause, given to us by our fathers, we give to the nation. To those who would oppose this cause, we bid unyielding defiance. We can never agree with them; supported by our remembered past and our imagined future, we shall bring them at last to their knees.

Though this is a global war, the powerful enemy is Germany. And what is Germany that she should cow the world? For three hundred years there has been in process of building upon this continent a sober and self-reliant people. This is the people—this historical giant—that the nazis and the Japs have aroused. We say "Remember Pearl Harbor!" "Remember Bataan!" That is good. Better, "Remember the Alamo," and the countless other heroic stands our fathers have made. Against us, when once we hit our stride, the temporary galvanic fury of the German people will crumble. They've tried to whip themselves in a decade into the power we've been growing into for three hundred years.

No boasting

I do not mean to be boastful. If I expressed my deepest feeling, I should say, "This nation under God." And I do not mean by that that we ourselves are guiltless. I only mean that under God we have become a powerful nation.

And of that nation the South at least is a fighting section. The structure of the old South was feudalistic. Under feudalism the fighter is of almost primary importance. The South still remembers this. Furthermore, the old South was a civilization built upon violence; that is, upon chattel slavery, which is violence, or the threat of violence. I do not for a moment defend slavery. What I would point out is that we have now come into a world where certain nations would build, not civilization, but a new barbarism upon violence. We did better than that, even in the old South. And now, having never forgotten our violent origins, we shall give them back the violence two blows for one, and shall retain something of the civilization we once built, upon however unstable a foundation.

Hitler is reported to have said that he could come to terms with the South. It is probably only a report, but what it meant was that the South is like nazi Germany in its racial prejudice. I do not defend the racial prejudice of the South, It is, to say the least, a handicap in this democratic fight against the totalitarians. That Hitler cannot come to terms with the South, I have already shown.

Now that he has come to blows with the South as an important part of the United States, and in this struggle the same force that he has invoked in Germany will work him ill. He has boasted of the German blood. Well, he has aroused the blood of the South; fighting blood; for three hundred years fighting blood. He thought the democracies were all brain, with no will left. Slowly they have proved him wrong; and now at last, in the Southern section of the United States—whatever may be true of the rest of the country—he has aroused a people who think, if at all, with their hearts. This is the back-fire that will kill his blaze.

An old musket

Over the fireplace is the musket that Grandfather used at Gettysburg; over the door the rifle that Father used at Belleau Wood; and Pete's in the Army, and Cousin Bill in the Marines, and Uncle Henry just squeezed into the Navy, and it looks like all the family's going, and I guess I'm going too.

Going to win the war. If this is complacency, we can very well make the most of it.

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Britain and Democracy

Some homely truths on the post-war world.

By **J. L. Benvenisti**

AN IMPASSIONED article in the *Economist* by a correspondent just returned from America complains of the distorted picture of English life that still prevails in your country. Large numbers of Americans appear to think that the essential England is still one of picturesque rusticity and decaying feudal glory. As a matter of fact, I have always known that (it must be obvious to anybody who looks at illustrations of an English story in the *Saturday Evening Post*), but I could never get properly excited about it. I always held that the more intelligent Americans would simply ascribe it to our high commercial genius. You apparently wanted this kind of thing, and like good business men we supplied the demand.

At the same time I am beginning to share the solicitude expressed by the *Economist's* contributor. I feel there is something rather undignified in this particular trade. It is a kind of exported exhibitionism. We are hard hit now, and we shall be harder hit still after the war, and doubtless be precious glad of the loan of American dollars. But we don't yet have to sell our self respect in order to get them, by dressing up in fancy dress.

Of course the whole picture is false. It is false in point of sheer numbers. Out of a population of 45 millions, less than three-quarters of a million are engaged in agriculture, and although our agriculture is not all it might be, and not all what, under the stress of post war necessity, it will probably become (it is largely a question of capitalization), our farmers are hard-working, hard-bitten men who have no time for frills. British agriculture has not quite the highest output per acre in the world (that has, or rather had been, attained by Holland and Belgium), but it has got the highest per head output of any country engaged in mixed farming, which means that it supplies the highest proportion of its own needs with the lowest labor force, which incidentally is the highest paid rural labor in the world.

Of course, you may object that this reflects a flight from the land, and that we are already at the top of the slippery slope that leads to perdition. I think that argument can be overdone. But you really cannot have it both ways. You cannot at one and the same time accuse us of being rotted with the gangrene of urbanism, and then represent us as a nation of yokels or quaint people addicted to dancing round the Maypole, fox-hunting and, above all, to touching our hat to our betters.

The Wodehouse England

As a matter of fact, even on the countryside this feudal note has entirely disappeared. The old landowner has been destroyed by taxes and death duties. I am inclined to regret his disappearance, for in the main he was a great help to the farmer, often carrying him over bad seasons, and looking upon him rather as a partner in a co-operative enterprise than as a mere secretor of rent. So far there is nothing to take his place.

But then the landlord was only one instance of the feudal décor of British life which has long ceased to cut any ice over here. We are still what Disraeli called us—the new Venetians. We are a great trading and manufacturing nation, living by the quality of our goods and the integrity of our merchants. Our values are for better or worse the values of traders or merchants.

In short, whatever may be the weakness of the British, they are wholly innocent of the vice (and also of what some consider the charm) of the toady and the tufthunter. It is most desirable to get our minds clear on this point, because the real weaknesses of Britain are quite different ones and are the weaknesses of her essential strength.

I am now going to be quite horribly indiscreet. I am going to let the cat out of the bag. I am going to say something which everybody knows to be true, but which everybody is, for some reason, keeping under their hat. It is this. The British love money. I have no hesitation in saying this because I am very fond of money myself and deny absolutely that it is necessarily a base affection. In any case I think the British love money with an honest intensity unequalled by any other nation. There is no damned nonsense about their respecting money as the symbol or counter of success. They are just naturally fond of the stuff—and in their intimate conservation I think they sometimes have a tendency to speak more frankly and brutally about it than anybody else.

I am admittedly here speaking of a certain section of the nation. The peculiar note of almost affectionate frankness about money is not evident among the poor, who haven't got any, or among

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the middle class, who still have inhibitions about discussing sacred subjects. It is among the upper social strata that you will find it.

When I was a boy and read "The Newcomes" for the first time, I was very shocked by the remarks of Lord Farintosh, when one of his henchmen threw an unfinished cigar into the fire: "There you go—nothing like it. Why don't you fling some more in? You can get 'em at Hudson's for five guineas a pound!"

I said, "That's wrong. A Lord wouldn't say that." But as I grew older and my social experience widened, I found that Thackeray knew his Englishman better than I had done. The English aristocrat really does say, "You can get 'em at Hudson's at five guineas a pound," or whatever may be the contemporary equivalent. He is far more likely to say it than any American. Indeed, you can hear a positive mutter of that kind of thing all down South Molton Street.

Now the danger that man who concentrates on money making always runs is not that he will want to make money meanly or oppressively but that he will want to make it quickly, that he will not think sufficiently far ahead. There is thus an inherent antagonism between the money maker and the speculative, philosophic type of mind, that is to say, between the long range and the short range thinker, and the short range thinker tends ultimately to suffer shipwreck on the rocks which "unpractical" long range thinker is able to see.

No long sight

There are also other elements at work here. I have sometimes startled my friends by telling them that the man really responsible for the loss of Singapore was Henry VIII. I admit that this statement might be held to contain a mild element of paradox, considering that the poor fellow had been dead for a couple of centuries before the wretched place was ever heard of. But I still maintain that what I say is true . The Reformation destroyed the status of the clerk and the social primacy of the intellectual, and it is precisely because we neglected the intellectual type and its activity that we have got into such a devil of a mess. It was because we neglected to think out such concepts as self-determination, democracy and the rest, and underrated the activity of the kind of men who would think them out, that we erected in 1919 a structure made of paper. It is because we had no use for vital, disinterested curiosity in the laws of life and in such things as population pressure and the great realities of policy and power that we are in the devil's cauldron at this moment. We had become too practical to have time for them, and hence over the past twenty years our collective failure to test, think and see ahead.

I think purely historical factors have not been without influence here. Yet whatever be the explanation, it is imperative that we should rediscover the sheer biological value of certain types of mental activity which the average man reckons as useless and unpractical—and, though I say so with some trepidation, we are not alone here, though the American need is perhaps not as urgent.

I want to make a very clear distinction. One can take no pleasure in this very specialized type of mental activity, and yet be anything but a fool or a sufferer from arrested mental development. Go into any modern British bank or business, and you will soon dispel any little misconception you may have about the arrested mental development of the British. It is not a question of the agility of the mind, but of its direction.

I said just now that this was not only a British but to some extent an American concern. The reason is, that a truly democratic society, such as we both desire, cannot (if the word *democracy* is to mean anything at all) even come into being unless this kind of intellectual activity is vigorous. Even a democratic society will, I suppose, be governed by an élite, but it will be democratic just in so far as it can actively understand and interpret, and, if necessary, intelligently criticize that élite's principle of action. Democracy in a modern state can only exist in proportion as the consent of the governed is positive, informed and intelligent. The mere clamor for and receiving of benefits in the form of higher wages, better social services and the rest, is almost the negation of democracy. It is being politically infantile. A people governs itself when it participates mentally in the acts of its government, that is to say when it does much of the government's actual thinking about ways and means—not when it yells and screams for the moon.

Yet even so the awakening of the intellectual appetite, especially among ordinary folk, is, I think, a greater necessity in Britain than in America, in so far as the special problems of Britain, which are problems of world relations, are much more abstruse and complex. For instance, it is vital for the man in the street over here to realize how much of his prosperity is due to a favorable price relationship between primary and secondary goods. The ideal of human brotherhood is in imperial Britain a perfectly sincere one. To what extent it will survive the knowledge that a raising of the standard of living among more primitive people involves ultimately effort and even sacrifice on the part of ordinary working class folk, is a matter of speculation. The huge effort of the nineteenth century, by which capital goods were exported all over the world and the level of production and prosperity raised almost everywhere, was paid for by involuntary abstinence enforced by capitalism. Can that sacrifice be made intelligent and voluntary?

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The American problem to abolish poverty in the midst of plenty is essentially financial, and therefore relatively simple. The British problem is not. It is technically possible for America to give security and a reasonable standard of life to every one of its nationals without greatly affecting its relations with the outside world; our position is different. We are a small densely packed island with a relative scarcity (except for our coal) of natural wealth. Our prosperity depends on trading with the world on terms favorable to ourselves, and because, as I have already said, we have at the same time a very real and sincere sense of human and cultural mission, our position may be a delicate one. The great majority of working class Englishmen have never thought about that. As long as there were capitalists about, it was easy to blame both our own troubles and everybody else's on them. If the West Indian sugar planter was depressed, you could blame the exploiting financier—not by any chance the man who was getting the cheap sugar. If the worker in the Indian tea plantation was living on a standard lower than the worst slum dweller in the British Isles, then blame the capitalist exploiter—not ever by any chance the man who drank the tea.

A.B.C.A.

Well, that pretence is becoming altogether too thin, and if the aspirations toward genuine human brotherhood are to be implemented, it will have to be done by an intelligent and conscious self-discipline. The replanning of the world for peace and a reasonable prosperity for all is so gigantic a task involving such gigantic consequences to our whole outlook and way of life that it cannot be undertaken without the active, intelligent and purposive help of the common man, who is going to be the man most affected. Is he qualified for that? Does he even begin to realize the quality of world poverty? Does he realize how the Indian, the Chinaman or even the Russian really lives, and what will be the cost to himself of raising them to something approximating to his own level? All these are problems which the common man has got to settle for himself, if democracy is to mean anything.

Now I am very far from being the only person who is alive to this problem. There are a number of ardent and public spirited men over here who not only see it but are trying to do something about it. They are trying the new method not of pumping peptonized knowledge into reluctant receptacles, but of seeking to reawaken intellectual appetite. The war is providing opportunities for attempting this on a large scale, and the pioneer organization attempting this is A.B.C.A.

A.B.C.A. (colloquially known as "ABCA") is the Army Bureau of Current Affairs. It is a Department of the War Office, and considering the mildly Conservative character of the War Office, which is like nearly all other War Offices in the world, it is a great tribute to the enterprise of its initiators that it should have planted itself there. ABCA's function is the organization of Army discussion groups. These groups are now compulsory and have to meet once a week during working hours and form a definite part of army training.

The Bureau sends out at fortnightly intervals a small booklet on such subjects as the British Empire, South Africa and the War, India, and so on, and these provide talking points for the officer in charge. Yet although an officer does take charge of the group, the usual formal disciplinary attitude is deliberately relaxed for the great object of these meetings is to get the men to ask questions—in other words to discover what they don't know.

Moreover it is found that sooner or later, though the talk may have been on some such subject as India or China, the questions soon swing round to the purely personal, such as, "Am I going to get a job after the war?" or the more usual, "What are you going to do about getting me a job after the war?", meaning by "you" the officers, the upper crust, the governing class.

To this there is one stock answer. It is, "What are *you* going to do about it?" Thus it is driven home that whether or not we really banish unemployment after the war depends largely on whether the ordinary man definitely grasps the fact that there are certain clear lines of solution and grasps what those lines of solution really are. If he really gets hold of that, the government will not dare to fail him, and what is even more important, he will by "knowing how" really at last be the government's effective boss. Incidentally, when worrying out the problem for himself, he will come to realize that India, China, the Empire and the rest have a devil of a lot to do with his getting a job, and that he has got to know about these matters if he is to be master of his own fate. He is thus slowly and laboriously being made to appreciate that the kind of world he lives in after the war will depend on himself, on his own ability to get his teeth into its problems and provide practicable solutions for them.

The scheme is being rapidly extended to the Civil Defence Services, but, all the same, the Army remains the prime initiator. I suppose the idea here has been that the man who thoroughly understands his own country's problems and institutions will be a keener and better soldier. But there is also the much wider idea that making war and making peace are part of one and the same process and that we all of us really do want not only a people's war but also a people's peace.

It is at present impossible to say what measure of success is being attained by these efforts—

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except as regards the officer group leaders themselves. Here the effect is very marked. These young men may or may not be successful in stimulating the intellectual appetite of those under their command, but they are certainly stimulating their own.

Their duties are now causing them to keep themselves adequately posted on current problems, and impelling them, with a view to the provision of talking points, to a far more energetic scrutiny of periodicals and books. For the rest it is worth noting that these discussion groups are exceedingly popular, and wherever they have been conducted with a minimum of competence, the men definitely want them.

Nevertheless I say that it is too early to judge. For this is definitely a case of the spirit blowing where it listeth. We can take people just so far but we cannot take them farther. The final and significant step depends on the dispositions of the individual will.

But let us be clear on one point; if democracy is to be reality, if the word is not to degenerate into the shabbiest of catchwords and to become a stale and vulgar joke for fifth rate comedians, then the road we are trying to follow here in England is the only road that leads to it. All others merely lead to a windy and barren waste of words.

Views & Reviews

BY MICHAEL WILLIAMS

MY FRIEND Mr. Molinos—who may possibly be descended from a branch of the Spanish family that produced the mystical heresiarch, Miguel Molinos, the "Quietist," but who himself is stanchly, indeed militantly orthodox—is the nearest approach to a hermit that you are likely to meet in this gregarious, almost collective, modern age. Living alone in a small house in the country, doing his own cooking and washing, he supports himself on the slender but sufficient earnings derived from newspaper and magazine articles, mostly about odd and curious and little known aspects of science and invention, for which he has established a reliable market. You won't recognize his name, however, for he never signs his pieces, which are usually of the "filler" type, used by Sunday magazines and technical magazines to plug up gaps in their make-up, or to supply odds and ends of information, or snacks of out-of-the-way and sometimes mythical or legendary reading matter. For example, Mr. Molinos reads, or hears on the radio—of which he is an addict—of the formation of new plans by the International Congress for the History of Science for the creation of world-wide groups of research workers, under the direction of a central committee, so that all available scientific knowledge may be pooled for the benefit of humanity. He at once digs up, out of his capacious rag-bag of memory, or out of his library, such facts as that Lord Bacon suggested in the year 1617, in his "New Atlantif," that men of science should organize and build a "Solomon's House," as the directing center of their collective wisdom, or what the much earlier writer, the monk, Campanella, suggested, along the same general lines, in his utopian forecast of "The City of the Sun." What Mr. Molinos writes on such themes, however, is strictly free from all the acrid, sometimes blistering comments in which in private conversion—on the rare occasions when he is visited by one of his few intimates—he is apt to indulge, concerning modern perversions and mis-applications of science and its technical fruits. For prime example, the radio!

He got on that subject when last I saw him. Shutting off the report of a highly serious development in our war situation, at the moment when the report was itself interrupted by a crooner's swing song advertising some sort of laxative water, Mr. Molinos exploded. But only his off-hand paraphrase of what Chesterton said about jazz music in restaurants, applying it to our American habit of mixing our war and cultural radio programs with advertising, can be published without inviting prosecution by the Post Office. Mr. Molinos's language at times employs a more than Elizabethan freedom.

"I have already remarked," said he, "as G. K. C. remarked before me, and with all the restraint that I could command, that of all modern phenomena, the most monstrous and ominous, the most manifestly rotting with disease, the most grimly prophetic of destruction, the most clearly and unmistakably inspired by evil spirits, the most instantly and awfully overshadowed by the wrath of heaven, the most near to madness and moral chaos, the most vivid with deviltry and despair, is our American practice of mixing advertising and the abominations of swing and jazz mutilations of music and the inanities and insanities of Hollywood with radio programs dealing with the war, and with what is more serious and perilous than the war, the world revolution that caused the war. For example, the other night I tried to follow a discussion by worth-while speakers on that highly important subject, which it is so necessary that the thoughtful public should try to understand, namely, the German conception of what is called 'geopolitics.' But it was quite spoiled for me, and probably for thousands of other listeners, by the interpolations and interruptions of a sponsor's announcer, with that nauseating 'smiling voice' so much affected by such gentry (and the women announcers are even worse!). How can the millions of American listeners to radio ever gain clear ideas, or even an adequate general idea, of the nature of the danger they and all of us are in when their minds are muddled and their emotions are mangled and their souls clouded and stained with such concoctions of Mammon, and Bedlam? Impossible! Why, let me tell you . . ."

But he had told me before, and, no doubt, will do so again, as I tried to get him away from his thesis on the evils of radio advertising (after heartily agreeing), by asking him how he was getting along in the effort I knew he was making to trace back the historical and/or mythical

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and legendary origins of the nazi gospel of "geopolitics."

"Well, I am putting together some of my notes," he replied, a bit reluctantly, as if his thoughts were still pursuing the radio advertisers with maledictions. "But it's the same old story, which everybody who tries to get to the bottom of so many nazi perversions of philosophy and science and religion is sadly familiar with. That the measurable, material facts and realities of the earth's surface and sub-surface and its products and information concerning its geographical or geological make-up are of major importance to governments, in war or peace, is obvious. The German government, like all governments, and all universities and schools, seeks and then distributes such knowledge. The Germans, perhaps, do such jobs more thoroughly, at any rate more industriously and systematically, than others. But the nazis, of course, as in all other matters, bedevil such good and worthy work, by the evil enhancement of their false mysticism, their idolatrous religion, their evil metaphysics, of materialism. Thus they create 'geopolitics.' The land-and-sea masses of the earth—the earth intended by its Creator, Almighty God, as the garden-home-and-city site for His human children—to the nazi 'geopoliticians' seem predestined for conquest. Nordic racial preeminence becomes a great magnet for the only people lawfully entitled (because they are naturally the strongest and most aggressive human beings) to have and to hold God's earth. . . ."

So Mr. Molinos, at far greater length than here reported. And stressing, with many and curious bits of evidence (some of them far from obvious to literal people, like this reporter of his talk), his firm belief that the disease of the spirit—so he described it—which in the nazis had produced such aberrations as geopolitics and racialism and other evils—was far from being confined to Germany. There were many symptoms of its presence in our own people, so he thinks. "How are we best to cure ourselves?" I asked, "so that we may be better fitted not only to fight and beat the nazis but afterward, God willing, collaborate in dealing with the underlying disease?"

"It is not a case of 'God willing' in such a work, it seems to me," replied Mr. Molinos; "but of whether we, His children, are willing. Of course, God is willing. If we must have new words for old truths—sometimes it seems very useful, if not strictly necessary—we might try to combat geopolitics, for example, with deopolitics—Oh, yes, I know you will say you shouldn't put Greek and Latin roots together, in making up a word . . ."

"I didn't have any such objection!" I retorted, "because I didn't know what roots from what languages you were cooking up in your mind. But I did feel, even if I didn't think, that 'deopolitics' is almost as uncouth a word as geopolitics; why isn't religion still good enough, both as word, and as source and as power, of what I suppose you are talking about?"

"Yes," answered Mr. Molinos, with that look in his eyes which explains why those who know him, and know, or dare to think they know, at what light it is kindled, seek him out in his hermitage. "Of course *deo* means God and *politics*—well, we know what that word implies today of humanity's capacity to muddle its own highest secular affairs; all the same, without God in politics, without God-inspired, God-guided, Godward-tending politics, we are lost wanderers in the bewildering maze and miasmatic fogs of geopolitics and other forms of the madness of materialism. Even if we beat the nazis in material warfare, unless we can also defeat them, and conquer ourselves as well, in the spiritual warfare, our gain will not be much. Yes, religion, of course, includes more and is a far better word than my casual suggestion of such a concoction as *deopolitics*. But I do think that my suggestion deals with a very practical need of our times—religion must no longer be kept in a water-tight compartment among great forces. New ways of bringing its power to bear upon our lives, from top to bottom of the scale of human, earthy affairs and values, must be sought and, God helping us, be found. As for me, it is in the Church I place my highest and firmest trust. In the new bottles of modern forms—in economics, politics, science, what you will—the everlastingly new wine of life of which she is the sacred custodian will again be poured, as in other ages of crisis, and the daily bread of mankind, as ever, freely and lovingly supplied. So, never mind my vain chatter about deopolitics . . ."

"Deo gratias," I responded.

Communications

THE COMMON MAN

Cambridge, Mass.

TO the Editors: It was very nice of Mr. Skillin to devote part of his recent article to my "New Belief in the Common Man," yet I feel impelled to write you. What disturbs me is that he reproaches me for not having proved the rationality of the individual common man, when in fact that whole book is devoted to showing the senselessness of that excessive eighteenth-century intellectualism. He wrote:

> But under present conditions he is overly sanguine about the caliber of the average American. How many of us when confronted with an actual situation think hard and get all the facts we can, reach sensible conclusions by ourselves with due deference to the experts and then act rationally too?

as if that was what I was trying to prove, when in truth I am seeking to show:

> The belief in the common man is tenable only if we state it in terms quite different from those which have come down to us from the visionary prophets of the democratic age. . . . The almost incredible faith in the omnicompetence and rationality of the common man, of you and me, must be replaced by a tempered yet firm conviction of the common man's *political* capacity. We need to insist, first of all, upon this *limited* competence, indeed upon the fallibility of every man, be he ever so uncommon. Whether there be an ultimate right or wrong, good or bad, no man knows what it is. In the absence of such absolute standards, communal policies depend upon calculations of probability. The comman man, even in the aggregate, is not infallible; far from it. But he perceives more readily than the expert the general impact of proposed policies. The judgment of the common man in which we believe is a collective, not an individual, judgment. Therefore, judgments involving

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> discriminating evaluation of exceptional achievement are altogether outside the sphere of these judgments of the common man in which we can trust. The common man is trustworthy because he is, in the aggregate, a man of character rather than of intellect—consistent, and adverse to highfalutin deviations. He is "safer" than the uncommon man.

If this had happened in a reactionary review edited by Manchester "liberals," I should not be surprised, but to get that reaction from the leading journal of progressive Catholicism is depressing indeed. You say that there is no such new belief. I don't say it prevails, no, but I do say that there can and should be, and I try to show how. In answer Mr. Skillin cites all the economic shortcomings of our time. Since when is belief fashioned by material conditions? You speak of the sharecropper as proof of your contention. Isn't the story of the Joads an eloquent answer to your comment and a good starting point for a new belief in the common man? And what about Waller's moving statement before he was executed?

You wonder about my listening in at the country store—well, come to my part of the country, and I'll take you around.

In ordinary times, it ain't proper for writers to kick back on reviews, no matter what—but now we are in a war—and the new belief in the common man is part of what we are fighting for, and if you think that it's being an optimist to try to figure what there is in it, all right.

C. J. Friedrich.

THE JUST AND THE UNJUST

Hartford, Conn.

TO the Editors: There are few pastimes so pleasant, and so unprofitable, as to intervene in a literary quarrel. And it is doubly pleasurable to be able to tell both sides that they are quite, quite wrong.

One may picture Mr. Downing's stupefaction upon reading Mr. Sylvester's review; one may imagine Mr. S.'s righteous wrath at Mr. D.'s letter. And one may thereupon read the book.

Mr. S. made an interesting point, in beginning his review, stating that Mr. Cozzens had not always been "on the side of the angels," that he has now matured and "developed a sense of morality," and that his "objectivity is complete." These last two statements are not incompatible, for morality is itself objective in the flattering (and true) sense that Mr. S. intends. It is therefore painful to find the critic floundering in the same confusion as his opponent.

There is not the slightest ground for supposing that Mr. Cozzens wishes the reader to regard the jury as either right (Mr. S.'s thesis) or wrong (Mr. D.'s contention). By giving a title to his book, "The Just and the Unjust," the author did not intend us to separate laboriously the characters, or the results, into those of sheep and goats. Mr. Cozzens subscribes, it would appear, to a higher morality which warns: Judge not lest ye be judged. The immense, in American letters the all-but-unparalleled, skill with which he manipulates the sub-plots and characters so that in every case relative good grows from comparative evil gives full and eloquent testimony to his conversion to the view that this is a reasonable world where man is potentially only a little lower than the angels.

As though conscious that such optimism is regarded as unjustified by many, especially literary, people, Mr. Cozzens cut out, but not from whole cloth, half-a-dozen principal figures: the three Judges, Abner, Martin Bunting, and Bonnie, in whom not the everyday Pharasaic morality of specific prescription, but the eternal goodness of a well-created universe is clearly displayed. But the author is aware that, though man has the free will to raise his head to the stars, he still walks upon the earth; and he adds a large number of other people, less attractive, though not more human.

In point of fact, Mr. Cozzens may repudiate specific theology, as he may feel misgivings about the expositions bestowed upon his intent by both writers in The Commonweal. But whatever the author's purpose, it gives splendid, and at this crisis not unneeded, testimony to the true dignity of man.

W. C. Helmbold.

The Screen

Democracy

"THE TALK OF THE TOWN" is one of those thoroughly delightful comedies that come close to being a serious tragedy. George Stevens has produced and directed it expertly. He has got excellent performances out of his hand-picked cast. Irwin Shaw and Sidney Buchman have peppered their amusing screenplay (written from the story by Sidney Harmon) with hilarious lines. But my gripe with "The Talk of the Town" is the same complaint that I had against similar serio-comedies: "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington," "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town," "Meet John Doe." It is only by a sudden fluke in the finale and a quick action on part of one of the characters that a dreadful miscarriage of justice in this democracy is averted. This film is mainly about three charming people who are thrown together and become very fond of each other. Cary Grant is a masses-minded soap box orator who is unjustly accused of arson that resulted in death. Ronald Colman (very bearded) is a stuffy professor of law, a library philosopher, who disapproves of everything that is not according to Blackstone. Jean Arthur is the captivating miss who shelters Cary (after he escapes from jail) in the house she rented to Ronald. Now of course you know what will happen: the two men will reverse their positions; Cary will learn to respect the law and will surrender himself to the mercy and justice of the court; Ronald will learn that one cannot always expect the fairest decision from a dull-witted judge or a jury of one's peers. And both of the men will fall in love with busy, conciliatory Jean. Along with our debates on the practical *vs.* the theoretical aspects of law and justice, we are served some witty repartee and some very funny situations. George Stevens has adroitly directed the three principals and the fine supporting cast, including Edgar Buchanan, Glenda Farrell, Rex Ingram. If any one performance stands out, it is that of Mr. Colman. But still,

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when all the humor and wit are done, there remains the fact that but for Colman's last-minute rescue, Grant would have died at the hands of lynchers; and a mob, even in the cultured state of Massachusetts, is an army of bloodthirsty beasts. Just because it is an American mob makes its crime no less serious than a mob of nazis. If Mr. Stevens could have ended his film before the lynching scene (the whole is much too long anyway), he would have had a first rate serio-comedy. As it is we have to take the film's warm and human glow with a grain of salt while we lament our own lynching problem in a world that is crying for law and adjustment.

"Somewhere I'll Find You" consists mainly of a series of necking scenes between Clark Gable and Lana Turner. In between the gooey osculations, Marguerite Roberts's script dishes up a lot of conversation that's supposed to be full of sophisticated symbolism but is really nothing more than veiled indelicacies. It seems that Gable is taking on Turner and toying with her only to show his brother, Robert Sterling, what a tramp she is. Needless to say Brother Bob is a bit annoyed while Clark gives all the demonstrations and has all the fun. Lana, in the meantime, finds it difficult to be attracted by Robert who has only sincerity, youth and puppy love in his favor while Clark offers the experienced kisses and overripe technique of a man about town. All three members of this triangle are newspaper correspondents, and they belong to that curious tribe of reporters that Hollywood usually goes haywire in portraying. Wesley Ruggles who directed must have been bored stiff with the first two-thirds of his film. It has practically no action; even watching Gable and Turner pushing their mugs together can get pretty monotonous. Then suddenly things happen. Lana is sent to Indo-China. She disappears, so of course the editor sends crack correspondents Gable and Sterling to find her and write the story. Our triangle is continued in Hanoi, then moves to Manila. After December 7, Sterling is in the army, Lana is a nurse and Clark is reporting the war but they all turn up for one big scene in Bataan. The picture has an exciting smash finish—just as if it wanted to apologize for and make up for the tripe that led up to it. It is unfortunate that Gable's last film before his enlistment in a real war had to be such a phony. He deserves a better send-off.

If you want your war cinema straight from the shoulder, without closeups of Turner and Gable, and with real instead of manufactured battle scenes, you have to see *"The World At War."* Presented by the US Government, produced by the Motion Picture Unit of the OWI, this documentary picture uses scenes from newsreels and from Axis films confiscated by the Government to give an outline of the history of the war in the decade leading up to Pearl Harbor. Samuel Spewack wrote the commentary which is read by Paul Stewart. Gail Kubik's musical score is conducted by Alexander Smallens. While the editors of the film are American and admit that they are partisan, the shots themselves are authentic and not staged. The pictures speak eloquently. We see the Japanese in Manchuria, in Shanghai, in Mongolia. We see the Italians in Ethiopia. We see the nazis marching into Austria, into Czechoslovakia. We see the blitzkrieg and

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destruction of Poland, Norway, Holland, Belgium. France crumbles. Nazis march down the Champs Elysées. Vichy is born in that sad Peace Car at Compiègne. Britain hangs on through bombardment after bombardment. The Russians retreat—but not without enormous German casualties. The Russians leave scorched earth. Philippines fall to the Japanese. And in the United States the battle for time goes on. We see good shots of American production: iron, steel, oil, coal—ships, planes, tanks, bombs. We were buying time; we were expanding a civilian army into a war machine. Unfortunately "The World At War" has two glaring errors. It is too long; it crowds too much into its 66 minutes. And no matter how impressive may be the shots of American production, of United Nations' marching manpower, they are not as breath-taking as the scenes of nazi slaughter and destruction—of ruined Warsaw, Rotterdam, Antwerp, Rouen, Coventry. The shots from the confiscated films show nazi soldiers in action: dropping from planes, invading a country, entering a fallen city. In the next Government film (and there are to be more) let us see the men of the United Nations winning a battle. I understand some excellent footage was taken at Midway. Let us see American soldiers, sailors, marines—not just in training, but victorious in battle. PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

Books of the Week

Christian Anarchy

The Seed Beneath the Snow. Ignazio Silone. Harpers. $2.75.

I WISH I could like this successor to "Fontamara" more than I do, but in every way I look at the book I run into difficulties. It is extremely pleasant to see fascism reduced to its absurd representatives in a small town of the Abruzzi, but then I imagine that the representatives of the former parliamentary government in that same town were none too bright and that they too were addicted to the Southern Italian vice of eloquence and that wherever eloquence is aimed at securing the personal advancement of petty politicians, it earns the contempt of the peasant, who knows that all the wind of this talk does not bring rain for his crops nor any justice. Silone's servants of fascism would be the willing servants of any régime that held power in Rome: they are almost incredibly without conviction of their own. Somehow fascism viewed in these pages becomes more imbecile than evil and the objection to it is no longer sharply directed against its evil so much as in gentle anarchy it is aimed against the bungling interference of government and politics throughout all time with the immediate and personal problems of man's individuality in his solitude and his enduring attempt to reach solidarity with his fellow man.

It would be unjust to speak disparagingly about the Christian mysticism of Silone's hero, Pietro, but here again is the anarchy of good intentions. Here the dead weight that stifles lies not only in the organized Church—that theme is a familiar one—but in the entire historical humanity of Christian experience, Saint Francis excepted and the early Christians. Pietro wants to start all over again at the beginning. He does so by seeking to awaken the intelligence and an understanding of the first mysteries of language in the mind of an abandoned village idiot—but idiot only because abandoned. And this desire to start all over again, no matter how touching and, no matter how pure, one cannot accept as valid, since here again there must be a presumption of unconscious arrogance and certain anarchy in this withdrawal from the history of two thousand years. Curiously in this most Italian of books there is a certain nineteenth century socialism, the emotion of that socialism, transported into a Christian frame, and one cannot help thinking, absurdly, of Eugène Sue, Hugo and more immediately and less absurdly of Fogazzaro. There is a passage reminiscent of Ramuz. And at the close of the story the action is suspended for pages while the character of a lady is restored through a long account of misunderstanding and coincidence which seems to come directly from the popular Neapolitan novelist Mastriani. This too is touching and I am not being high hat about it, for it is symptomatic of the poetry of the poor with their love for virtue and its ultimate vindication.

This novel I should think would be incomprehensible to most Americans who do not know the Abruzzi nor in general the intense seriousness of the Italian south. It is an old-fashioned book and a sincere book. It will not please politically minded anti-fascists. It cannot satisfy many requirements of the intellect. It is a simple and noble book. I can imagine that Silone would wish it read by simple people. And for the reader who would like to know if it is interesting, I can say that Silone does excellently that which seems to be one of the few things contemporary Italian novelists can do, and that is to describe people and places and make them absorbingly real. There are unforgettable characters in the book, many of them, curious and living and explained and moving in a wealth of anecdote and incident. The hero unfortunately is not one of them. And back of these people is poverty and the courage of the poor and the stark—no mandolins, no money—Italian South. C. G. PAULDING.

HISTORY

Social Theories of the Middle Ages, 1200-1500. *Bede Jarrett. Newman Book Shop (Westminster, Md.)* $4.00.

THIS IS the first American edition of a well-known work published in 1926 in England. Father Jarrett needs no introduction to the scholarly world but is deserving of a wider audience. At a time when the bases of Western Civilization are crumbling, when thinking men are groping, too often in the dark, for ideals and fundamentals on which to build up a new and better order, it is of real value to examine the ideals and bases of a long-since vanished society. Father Jarrett points no morals, pleads no causes and gives no comfort, consciously at least, to his fellow Catholic romanticists who look back to the Middle Ages as some lost Golden Age.

But he paints the period as seen through the writings of its contemporaries, a world of dynamic movement and constant change. It was no mean feat of scholarship to include so many medieval quotations in the text without destroying the style and readability of the book. While it should be obvious that we cannot turn the clock back, still it is a sad commentary on progress and on modern education when we realize that our medieval ancestors in some things at least were nearer to the truth than ourselves. The great thinkers of the age delved into the fundamental bases of human existence, into the roots of human society, and the history of our world since the

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Renaissance indicates, in fact proves, that the conclusions they came to concerning the good society are far more workable, valid and scientific than the thin skim of ideas poured out on mountains of paper by our modern educators, sociologists and economists.

There are nine chapters in all, dealing with Law, Education, Women, Slavery, Property, Money-making, War, Christendom, and Art. True, much of the material has the flavor of a bygone age and this reviewer disclaims any intention of advocating a return to the medieval concept of woman. But wherever the medieval writers discuss the bases of social and economic organization, it is possible to obtain useful ideas for a reform or a rebuilding of our own fast decaying system.

It is a pity that more American Catholic writers do not take this sort of scholarship as a model when they try to write history. Father Jarrett is dispassionate, is not out to prove a case, he presents the evidence and goes to the original sources. Too much of our history writing, in particular our biographies, are mere special pleading which does much to discredit Catholic scholarship.

It is extremely depressing to compare the relative unity of thought of the medieval world with the anarchy of our own time. In view of this anarchy how can we ever, in our time at least, build up a new Christendom, a new world order in which men can agree on at least the fundamentals of human existence? WALTER JOHN MARX.

The Judicial Function in Federal Administrative Agencies. Chamberlain, Dowling and Hays. Commonwealth Fund. $3.00.

THIS STUDY, prepared by three members of the law faculty of Columbia University, is one of an increasingly large number of similar works devoted to the functioning of administrative bodies appearing in recent years. There have been books, monographs, articles in law reviews and other periodicals, and most notably, of course, the Report of the Attorney General's Committee on Administrative Procedure.

The sheer bulk of the material bears witness to the growing importance of the regulatory activity of these bodies in our economic and social life. Such fields as transportation (ICC), labor relations (NLRB), issuance and sale of securities (SEC), methods of business competition (FTC), and radio, telephone and telegraph (FCC), are all subject to government supervision. This development, the permanence of which is no longer seriously doubted, has been greeted both by uncritical enthusiasm and outraged protest. Rare it is to find, except on the part of specialists, among whom the present authors are to be numbered, a dispassionate evaluation of the manner in which administrative agencies actually operate.

The present book is such an evaluation. As its title indicates, the authors confine themselves to one phase of administrative activity, the judicial. The discussion is devoted to the procedure followed by the agencies in hearing and deciding cases and in formulating policies which find expression in the decisions. The sanctions which are imposed to induce compliance with these decisions and the methods by which they are reviewed and enforced in the courts are each the subject of a separate chapter.

The authors inevitably are led to a discussion of that feature of the administrative process which has been most subject to criticism, the combination of investigative, prosecuting and judicial functions in a single agency. That this combination is not conducive to the highest degree of

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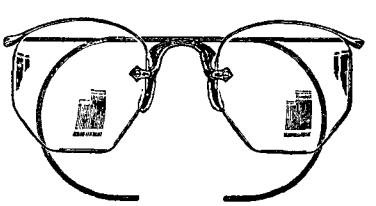

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impartiality in decision is appreciated by the authors. But the difficulties involved in separating these functions in instrumentalities, the primary purpose of which is to effectuate congressional policies, is also recognized and set forth frankly. The solution will probably have to be arrived at by trial and error.

The tone of the book throughout is conservative. There is no inclination to play down the faults of the existing set-up, nor is there any advocacy of indiscriminate wholesale reorganization. Reform, it is indicated, must be adapted to the peculiarities of the particular agency.

Much of the material here can be found elsewhere, notably in the Report of the Attorney General's Committee. However, this is not true, as the authors point out, of the chapter on sanctions, the material in which has for the first time been collated. The increasingly large proportion of the legal profession which finds that a major part of its practice is no longer in the courts but before administrative agencies, will find the book valuable. Laymen who are seriously interested in what is probably the most important development in American government in the last generation will find it equally so.

WILLIAM F. KENNEDY.

PHILOSOPHY

Patterns of the Mind. Lynn Harold Hough. Harper. $1.50.

IN A series of five lectures the Dean of Drew Theological Seminary upholds the view that "classical Christianity" is the only basis for an adequate conception of God and man and the world. Too many of us are deceived by false philosophies. Too many of us are content to substitute mere action or emotional experience for a sober appraisal of ultimates. Too many of us are unaware that only the genuinely Christian pattern of thought and action can satisfy man's intellectual and moral aspirations. This Christian pattern of thought and action is an interpretation of reality and a plan of life based not upon man's estimation of man, nor upon man's estimation of God, but upon God's estimation of man. It takes as its point of departure the Christian truths regarding the redemption and judgment of men by God Who became man. The Christian pattern is unequalled as a means of achieving the terrestrial good of mankind, but at the same time it recognizes that the perfections of men, both individually and socially, can be realized only in the world to come.

The reader who is gratified by the solidity and the unmistakably orthodox flavor of Dean Hough's theological views may nevertheless wonder how the rejection of asceticism and the denial of ecclesiastical authority can be construed to be consistent with "classical Christianity."

DAVID DALRYMPLE.

WAR

The Last Train from Berlin. Howard K. Smith. Knopf. $2.75.

UP TILL the latter half of the next-to-last chapter, this latest of many diaries by American correspondents stationed in Berlin looks to be the most potent book yet published for lifting America's wartime morale. The stage is set so perfectly. Growing realization of the evil and effectiveness of nazi plans puts Mr. Smith through even greater agonies than his diarist predecessors. Hitler's growing list of triumphs at times even sets him wondering whether the Fuehrer may not have the right idea. Of course the author soon recoils at the thought and regains his tortured sanity. But the gloom from Berlin deepens.

Then when the reader is properly conditioned, ready for the direst of forebodings for the rest of the world including our own country, the author experiences a lifting change of heart. And this is back in last October two months before the last train for Switzerland pulled out. Here Mr. Smith's recovery actually begins. His physician is none other than Dr. Otto Dietrich, Hitler's "lipless little press chief," and his prescription is to announce on October 9 that only empty space lies between the German army and Moscow, and that Russia has collapsed. At first this further stuns an already reeling patient, who now feels with his fellow correspondents at the Adlon bar "that the end was perhaps a matter of only hours away." But the falsity of Dr. Dietrich's pronouncement becomes clear within a week or two. "German propaganda could never again influence to any important degree the morale of the German people. From now on a wall of distrust separated the Ministry of Dr. Goebbels from his people." Since that time the morale of the German people has been steadily declining. Their hope of an early victory is gone. The swag from conquered countries is exhausted, while Russia yields scorched earth. Poverty grows more intense. The deeper Hitler plunges into Russia, the farther away seems peace. And peace, and peace alone, is what the German people want. So the reader has been swept along with a depening sense of doom, suddenly to learn that the enemy is by now weak internally and that the tide has definitely turned against the nazis. So well-documented a report to this effect is a real tonic for a nation that is just beginning to be aware of its own strength.

Yet Howard Smith is not content to stop there. He has an idea about winning the war based on these first-hand observations. It is not a new idea, nor a particularly original one, but it is extremely apposite! It can even save this war from being unnecessarily protracted. The situation is this: the German people as a whole have lost faith in their leaders and are sick of the idea that they are to be the master folk of Europe. They will fight grimly on, however, since they have mortal dread of the retribution that lies in store for them. It is either to fight on with the nazis or face extermination at the hands of French and Poles and Czechs and many other vengeful men. In order to win this war one of our biggest jobs is to convince the German people that there is a way out of this savage dilemma. More and more Germans are listening to Allied radio every day. Yet what hope are we holding out to them? We must persuade them of our specific war aims and promise punishment of their guilty leaders but a rightful place for the German people in the rebuilding of Europe. Besides this we must keep them aware of the huge stores of food and clothing and medicine held ready for shipment to them once peace comes. Finally we must produce a series of social achievements to show that the cause of the common man is actually progressing even in wartime among the United Nations. (Here as on a couple of other occasions Mr. Smith manifests some Marxist sympathies; the example he chooses to impress the German people is the nationalization of the Welsh coal mines.) The object of all this activity is to separate the nazi leaders from the German people.

Hats off to Howard Smith. For all the tribulations we suffer with him and all the padding he has inserted between his early sufferings and his final conviction how to shorten the war, he has sung out for sound idea. If he is the reliable reporter he seems to be, we neglect it at our peril.

EDWARD SKILLIN, JR.

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The Inner Forum

Antigonish Movement

DESPITE the handicaps imposed by the war, the Extension Department of St. Francis Xavier University of Antigonish, Nova Scotia, is carrying on its work of social reconstruction through cooperatives and adult education. The University was the scene of two important conferences last month.

The ninth annual meeting of the Nova Scotia Credit Union League disclosed some startling figures. Since 1933 the credit unions there (which now number 208) have loaned out to members over $5,200,000 at low rates of interest and only $1,244 has had to be written off as bad debts. Share capital now amounts to over $1,000,000. Out of the small savings of members the League purchased $25,000 worth of war bonds during the past year and it was decided at the meeting to make 3 percent the maximum dividend on shares "in order to avoid competition with government war investments."

The credit union meeting was followed immediately by a three-day cooperative conference at Antigonish. Among the topics discussed were fishery problems, cooperative marketing, wholesaling, consumer education and women's study clubs.

Rev. M. M. Coady, one of the founders of the movement and director of the St. Francis Xavier Extension Department, told the cooperative conference: "Through the cooperative movement groups of ordinary little folk can pipe down their wealth from the great reservoirs of national wealth. We had more democracy a hundred years ago than we have today. People owned their farms and their homes in those days. Through cooperatives they are returning to ownership. . . ."

Commenting on these meetings, the *Maritime Cooperator* said: "The spiritual side is the most important side of the cooperative movement. . . . The new order is not possible without new vision. The idea of the brotherhood of man must be seen and accepted as a firm conviction. . . . Of what benefit will it be to join cooperatives, medical plans and credit unions if there is not a constant awareness of the brotherhood of men and their destiny in the Mystical Body of Christ?"

CONTRIBUTORS

Max GRAF was until 1938 professor of history and the esthetics of music at the State Academy in Vienna and lecturer at the Austro-American Institute of Education in Vienna and at the Mozarteum in Salzburg. He has written many articles and a number of books on musical subjects.

Harold Willard GLEASON is a Connecticut poet.

James McBride DABBS has spent most of his working years in teaching English at various colleges and universities. He is now living on a small farm in Mayesville, S. C., and writing for such periodicals as *Scribner's*, the *Yale Review*, the *Virginia Quarterly*.

J. L. BENVENISTI is an English writer on social and political subjects who has long contributed to THE COMMONWEAL.

Walter John MARX teaches at the Catholic University and is preparing his second book for his publishers.

William F. KENNEDY is a New York law student.

David DALRYMPLE is a teacher of philosophy at Notre Dame College, Staten Island.

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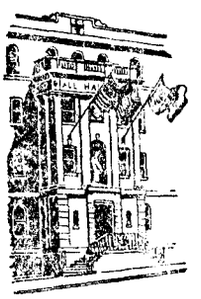

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